

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

For the Minerva.

JOANNES OBERMÜLLER.

Imitated from the German.

PART SECOND.

DURING the tale of pity with which we concluded the first part of the memoirs of Joannes Obermüller, the listening fiscal judge lost not a word which fell from his ancient patron. He nevertheless found opportunity to steal many observant glances at his interesting daughter; she, in her turn, though assiduously attentive to her aged parent, could not be said entirely to overlook her former companion and physician. The improvement in the maiden's form and personal attractions, did not escape observation; the straitness of her garments, which were made to fit her better some years before: and the slight texture of a shawl too much worn to be an effectual veil to the beauties it overspread, exhibited her to the most favorable advantage. She appeared more embellished than dress could possibly render any female. Although Obermüller was peculiarly touched with the griefs of the professor, and abominated the envy which had entrained his ruin, his mind was still not so deeply engrossed but that some momentous reflections occasionally presented themselves. The miniature he had seen, to which Petronella had assigned so charming a place, particularly excited the deepest interest. Now, so it happened, that her unguarded exposure of the secret crossed her mind at the same moment, and Obermüller beheld her suffused in blushes. Obermüller, however, had never given Petronella his portrait: it had not entered his conception that a liberty of the kind on his part might be favourably considered. How then she became possessed of it he could not readily conceive, until he recollected that she was an adept in painting. Most gratifying was

it to his present frame of temperament to conclude that she had drawn it from memory after his precipitate departure from Wichnor.

The benevolent fiscal provided apartments more congenial to the requirements of his friends. Petronella incessantly bestowed the most delicate cares on her beloved father, in the fruitless hope of recruiting his exhausted strength and spirits. That Obermüller was a daily visitor is not to be questioned: doubtless he sought in this society his most exquisite enjoyments.

The professor was one evening urging the topic of his gratitude, and expressing his apprehension that he might not live to reimburse the advances made for his service. Obermüller stopped him short:—"Why do you thus dwell on a subject so painful to my feelings?" said the young magistrate:—"I assure you I consider myself the obliged party. However, if you will persist in thinking yourself indebted, you possess ample means of acquitting yourself." The professor in surprise answered, "Not one title of earthly inheritance do I possess." "But of celestial," rejoined the youth, his open countenance kindling with animation as he turned the old man's regards to the side of the bed on which his daughter was seated, "you have a treasure which"—"And could you love Petronella?" vehemently demanded the father, interrupting him. "With transport," he replied: "and it is my most ardent wish to obtain her from you and from herself. Lovely Petronella," added he, addressing himself to the blushing maiden: "while you reigned in prosperity I slighted a privilege to which it ought to have been my ambition to have aspired, but now that adversity controls your destiny, I may be permitted to solicit your hand. Once have I sacrificed my fondest hopes a peace-offering on the altar of envy: but I shall not again repeat so self-denying an office. That the possession of such a blessing may subject me to envious trials is certain: but your want of fortune will, in some degree, moderate the persecution which the charms of your mind and figure might otherwise occasion." Petronella, in thoughtful silence, cast down her eyes; but her fa-

ther answered in her behalf, and her silence confirmed the encouragement he extended to her admirer. Overwhelmed by the pressure of her happiness, she modestly retired from the chamber, beaming, through the softness of a glistening tear, an expression of satisfaction which could not be misinterpreted: and the happy parent, embracing his beloved pupil, assured him that the union should not be long deferred. The enfeebled professor was nearly exhausted: all idea of his re-establishment was abandoned. Petronella, in the melancholy prospect of his dissolution, and that he might enjoy the sweet consolation of seeing her settled before his eyes should be closed in death, consented to an early day. The ceremony had been performed, and in less than a week he sunk into the darkness of the tomb.

No sooner was it reported that so distinguished a personage as the fiscal judge had married the daughter of the indigent stranger, than contemptuous sarcasm was let loose against him. That the lady received the congratulatory visits of the neighbouring quality, and returned them, in habiliments devoid of the gay trappings usually worn by the devotees of fashion, furnished matter for ridicule. But when, thus modestly attired, the beauty of Petronella's person, the cultivation of her mind, and the grace of her deportment, elevated her above every gaudily attired woman in the canton, the good fortune of her husband again attracted the most virulent envy. Every married man resolved to see in him only the possessor of a lovely and virtuous wife, and hated him accordingly; but the frequent manifestations which he noticed of the baneful passion, affected him less than on former occasions, because he was under the intoxication of love. This felicitous indifference, however, was not to be of very long duration. In process of time, heaven bestowed a son on the happy couple, a lovely infant whose beauty provoked the envy of many less favoured mothers. Its innocent prattle beguiled time of its tediousness: and its sportive vivacity kept all in cheerfulness who witnessed its antics.

About this season the spirit of religious revival, as it is technically termed, became very warm in these regions. Unhappily, under this *disguise*, charitable forbearance is less generally inculcated than bitter persecution. Each succeeding day witnessed the prodigious growth of devotion; and, as if it was nearly discovered that the surest way to honour and wealth was by the profession of religion, so piety became the standard which every one determined to attain. Sacrilegious and hypocritical grimace was practised by all ages; lisping infants were zealously taught to pronounce these select phrases of Evangelius Hefferman: and the

solemn hymns of the sainted Van Groeningen caused the fish stalls and butcher's shambles to resound with the dismal yells of conventicle howlers. That the judge fiscal was not foremost in accommodating his family in the predominant rage for the prostration of all innocent amusement, afforded abundant theme for scandal. Nevertheless, although his child had not been tutored to prefer the conventicle of the howling fanatics to the more rational society of its playmates, and that he had not so much as heard the name of Evangelius Hefferman and the sainted Van Groeningen; yet was it acknowledged with malevolent astonishment, that none other in the town was so tractable, so far from turbulent, and so obedient.

The child wanted little of completing its fourth year, when one day it was stopped and interrogated in the street by a pious stranger, who meritoriously made it his sole occupation to travel from town to town, to awaken revivals and stimulate others by a recital of his own righteous deeds, to wage war against those who were disinclined to enlist under the banner of the fanatical fraternity. As may be expected, the man of devotion received widely different replies than those to which he was accustomed from the more tutored children of professors. The smiling cherub in reply to the question, "What do you love best?" honestly answered, "Plumbs!"—"And why not religion, pray?"—"Because I am not sure that its taste is sweet!" In the same way the indignant missionary discovered that the reverend domine of the parish, and his two sour looking deacons, had by no means impressed the fancy of the young urchin so agreeably as the laughing Kornelis Kalvers-troom, the musical razor grinder; who occasionally passed through the neighbourhood delighting his young audience with his merry glees, and the fantastic exhibition of his dancing puppets.

As evening drew on most of the good families repaired, with assumed looks of sanctity, to the conventicle. But Obermüller and his wife, far from dreaming of the storm that was gathering against their happiness, were devising at home some fresh scheme of pleasure for their idol boy, whose early steps in the career of life it was their constant study to strew with hilarity and joy. The zeal of the stranger was wonderfully animated. He paved the way for the revenge he meditated by a well-timed eulogy on the reputation for pious exercises which the inhabitants of that town had acquired among their neighbours. Half the audience were near bursting with the adulating incense; and could then have been instigated by the adroit kindler of religious pride, to have furthered what he might please to denominate the purposes of heaven,

by the commission of any enormity he should suggest. That the effect might be attended with less danger to himself, however, a less pointed course was determined on. The speaker, in seeming horror, declared that he could not conscientiously conclude, without adverting to the anguish he that morning had endured in his adventure with the reprobate child. He gave so hideous an interpretation of the innocent infant's meaning, that it might rather have been mistaken for a depraved little emissary sent from the regions of darkness to interrupt the increase of piety, than for what it really was, one of the most promising children of the human species.

Although the insidious speaker carefully guarded against manifesting a marked design against particular persons, he took especial care that his auditors might be at no loss to whom to attribute the hateful degeneracy of the offending infant; and his envious malice was highly gratified when he learnt, at supper with one of the most opulent among the faithful, that malignant whispers had had a general circulation, attainting the moral character of the magistrate and his lady. In this manner the vindictive, faithless, disciples of an aspiring sect, artful, insolently covering their pernicious designs with the mantle of heaven, turn against their victims weapons which the populace have learnt to revere, and cause them to be persecuted under the name of offended religion!

It so happened that in a very few days after the public exhibition of the pious stranger, a violent complaint in the throat deprived the fond parents of their dearest possession. No soft sympathy of tender-hearted condolence soothed the cruel distraction of the bereaved mother, but the harsh revilings of the boasted daughters of religion dared to grate on her lacerated feelings. They cruelly reviled her for impiety in not having subscribed to conventicle ordinances; and attributed the death of the child to the consequent resentment of heaven. Obermüller, without design, greatly aggravated the popular ferment. He took it into his head to deposit the remains of his child within the precincts of his own garden: and, over the grave, at the fond mother's request, he erected a plain marble obelisk. In the soreness of his affliction, he had omitted to call in the aid of the reverend domine at the interment, without whose sanction it had become an article of the prevailing creed, that no departed spirit ought to be admitted by the apostle Peter, through the gates of which he is said to have the charge, into the regions of bliss. Such insulting slight might not hope for pardon. Evil surmises to the prejudice of the devoted pair, were now no longer secretly

whispered, but loudly uttered, and the public animosity became general. Indeed to such a height was the malicious intemperance of the envious pushed, that Petronella, who daily visited the melancholy spot of her son's interment, had the grief one morning to behold the monument of her child broken in pieces, and its fragments dispersed over the garden. So wanton an act deeply affected the persecuted pair. Obermüller became a melancholy recluse: and Petronella, ever remembering her sad loss, could not be comforted.

One evening as they sat, gloomily feeding on their sorrow, Obermüller, as if struck with a new idea, suddenly interrupted the silence:—"My dear friend," said he to Petronella, "my only remaining consolation; I begin to hate those envious demons of fanaticism, by whom the principal towns of the empire are inhabited. There remains yet a class of mortals among whom I may hope to pass my days unexposed to the malevolence of envy. But can Petronella consent to the sacrifice I shall exact of her?" The dutiful wife assured her husband she could refuse nothing that might contribute to his felicity. "Let us then abandon the town," continued he, "and take refuge in the country. We will assimilate with the villagers; conform ourselves to the manners of the cultivators of the soil; attire ourselves as do the rustics; and follow their occupations and tastes. Uncontaminated with the vices of refined society, these people have not the conception of envy; and our days may glide on in peaceful security and undisturbed repose." The interesting Petronella, whom the severities of rural duties could not intimidate, immediately commenced the necessary preparations, and in a few days announced to her husband that all was ready for their departure.

The baron Von Lichtenstein, whom Obermüller had notified of his design, after using his endeavours to turn him from so unadvisable a determination, gave him a renewed proof of his good will, by confiding to his management a small estate in a very romantic situation, on which, besides sheds for a sufficient stock of cattle, and spacious granaries for the produce of the fields, was a convenient but modest dwelling house, decently provided with furniture. Obermüller's own fancy could not have imagined a more desirable residence. He immediately disposed of his town furniture and library, and lost no time in repairing to the country. His first precaution was to conceal in his garret, the few books he brought with him, that they might not excite a suspicion of his ever having been any other than a simple farmer. When he contemplated Petronella in her new costume, he was transported at the grace with which

she became it: in fact there was a happy taste in the cut of her garments which so greatly pleased every eye in the village, that all the gowns were quickly fashioned accordingly. But this naturally aroused the envy and resentment of the dame, who from the precedence of her station had hitherto solely engrossed the right of dictating on this head. As the village neither boasted of burgomaster, domine, nor wealthy farmer, it followed, of course, that the schoolmaster was the principal character in it; and his dame it was to whom Petronella had unwittingly given umbrage in so important a particular. The dame did not fail to insinuate, that the farmer's wife was evidently a pert minx: and the observation was spread throughout the village before night, swelled with much additional obloquy.

The blacksmith of this sequestered spot was become a man of mighty importance. His cousin, a journeyman printer in a town at no great distance, every Sunday was in the habit of sending his relation a paltry weekly gazette. The blacksmith valued himself not a little on the acquisition, and sometimes kept the eager politicians of the village anxiously awaiting his appearance at the little ale-house, whither it was their custom to assemble in the evening: and on his arrival he was sure to be greeted with transport. But the grand difficulty now was, that no one could be found capable of reading the gazette intelligibly; so they were obliged to recur to the schoolmaster himself: and, by way of compensation, he was allowed a dozen pipes of tobacco weekly; an abundant supply for his domestic consumption. All went on well for some time. Talents, however, like riches, are apt to inspire vanity; and village schoolmasters are no less inclined to make the most of themselves than college professors, medical lecturers, and other characters. Thus it was in this instance. In the beginning the pedagogue observed the strictest punctuality; but after a time his diligence slackened, and he finally kept them waiting whole hours. Irritated at such negligence, the blacksmith, seconded by the village shaver, another very important character, ventured to expostulate with the schoolmaster, reproaching him with the liberality which he abused. But remonstrance availed nothing; the teacher drily replied he had something of a hoarseness which, for the present, rendered it necessary to give up his readings. This resolution, as the learned schoolmaster had sapiently foreseen, spread consternation among the villagers. The disappointment could not have happened at a more inconvenient juncture: the chain of the most momentous events was interrupted, and the village politicians were plunged in cruel

suspense in regard to the operations of countending powers. Several of the honest farmers, supposing they had not forgotten their letters, took the gazette in hand, and boggled through a few sentences, by dint of spelling; but a gazette, managed in this way, can never prove very edifying, and the good folks were compelled to abandon the enterprise. The triumph of the schoolmaster would have been complete, had not the evil destiny of Obermüller brought him at that moment into view; for it was his custom, like an honest fellow, to assist at these social meetings. He was solicited to try how he could make out; the schoolmaster himself, not dreaming that he would prove any better qualified than the rest, joining in the request. Obermüller consented, and read so much better than his predecessor had done, that the rustics were captivated. By way of expressing their sense of his complaisance, they from that time made him a bow twice as low as before; and the schoolmaster, with a smile of supercilious complacency, was heard to remark, that the man who had taught him to read was no fool.

The following Sunday the pedagogue was among the earliest to convene at the ale-house: never before had he shewn himself so condescendingly familiar with the peasants, lowering his usual dogmatic style of language to their humbler comprehension. But his influence had departed. Although repeatedly he took occasion to remark, that the hoarseness which before had prevented his reading, had left him, the peasants turned a deaf ear to all he could say, and the Gazette was not again put into his hands. Obermüller, far from ambitious of entering into competition with so consequential a personage, designedly absented himself from the meeting. The assembled politicians were clamorous for his appearance, and deputed messengers to invite his immediate attendance. He obeyed the summons; performed his task; and obtained greater applause than before. Immediately did they proclaim him their reader, and the former allowance of a dozen pipes of tobacco was doubled with great acclamations, but Obermüller nobly declined accepting the proposed gratuity.

From this moment the schoolmaster became the secret irreconcilable enemy of Obermüller. He improved every opportunity of insinuating something malicious to his prejudice: and, aware that nothing could be more hateful to the vulgar herd than superiority of rank, he hinted with revengeful design that the farmer's demeanor and education proved that he could not originally have been a peasant. These insidious endeavours might have produced no sinister effect; but, unhappily, his own want of discretion accelerated the evil his en-

vious neighbour had so diligently endeavoured to bring on him. The loquacious barber, pretending some knowledge in astronomy, averred that the moon was that night to be eclipsed; but Obermüller, entirely off his guard, was weak enough to insist that such an event could not take place before that day week. Such unusual display of learning rendered him a suspected object indeed.

The schoolmaster and barber busily employed themselves in disseminating the most slanderous surmises to prejudice the ignorant peasantry against the devoted Obermüller. It was at length determined that if the moon should indeed be eclipsed on that day week, it would prove that Obermüller was nothing less than a sorcerer, who had contrived the event in pure opposition to the barber. And it was universally agreed that those who were in league with the foul fiend, ought not to be tolerated in society. The inoffensive man himself was the only one unacquainted with what was going on. Judge then of his astonishment, while he was silently contemplating the eclipse, the night being clear, and the heavens unclouded; in perceiving the whole village, men, women, and children, tumultuously assaulting his habitation: and, before he could inquire into the meaning of the outrage, every window in his house was demolished by their blind fury.

From that time all the inhabitants shunned communication with Obermüller and Petronella: his servants were tampered with, his poultry poisoned, and his cattle maimed: his fences were destroyed by night, and his crops trampled under foot. He was convinced, too fatally, that those pompous eulogies of rural innocence, by which the inhabitants of great cities are deceived, were the mere fabrications of poetic brains; and no less absurd than would have been the attempt exclusively to have preferred a town life. Bitterly did the mistaken man repent having changed his abode. To make the matter worse, he daily looked for an increase of family; and who in the village could he engage to nurse the wife of a reputed conjurer? This was a dreadful reflection, and at once determined the discouraged farmer to resume the habiliments he had too inconsiderately laid aside. Although in the town from which he had removed, he might expect to find neither happiness, respect, nor commiseration; yet he had no just reason to be apprehensive for life. Envy, doubtless would assail his tranquillity: but those who had glass windows would desist from throwing stones.

The growing melancholy of Obermüller excluded all satisfaction in seeing himself again a father. "Wretched little being!" exclaimed he, whilst he contemplated the smiling babe on the bosom of its mother,

"wherefore art thou come to swell the number of the miserable? Happier far had been thy doom hadst thou not been brought to the light of the day." Grief and vexatious solicitude preyed on the vitals of the unhappy victim, and he was visibly fast consuming when the Baron Von Ligtenstein made him a visit. "Your physician is seriously alarmed at your appearance," affectionately observed the tender-hearted nobleman: "he prescribes change of scene as the only remaining chance for your recovery. My son is preparing to visit Italy, and could not be more highly gratified than in possessing you as a companion. My friend, for your own sake, I am especially desirous that you accede to his wishes. Give yourself no uneasiness," continued he, foreseeing that Petronella might be an obstacle in the way of his compliance, "about this fair lady, and her lovely infant; be assured that in my family they shall want for no comfort during the few months you may be on your travels." Petronella, notwithstanding her repugnance to be separated from her husband, nevertheless united her entreaties to those of the baron; and Obermüller, yielding to their joint solicitation, took his departure for Italy with his former pupil.

In the course of their rambles for the gratification of curiosity, they one day had cleared two of the most prominent rocks of the Alps; and from their majestic elevation were philosophically contemplating the cities, provinces, and kingdoms widely dispersed at their feet, when their notice was attracted by the discovery of a hermitage, situated in the midst of a copse of thorny brambles. The desire of visiting it was strongly incited. Thither they bent their way, and soon perceived the half-naked hermit, prostrated before a large wooden crucifix, as if intensely engaged in solemn devotion. Affecting to start at their intrusion, the pious recluse welcomed them with well affected grimace, regretting at the same time, that he could present them with no refreshment more inviting than the limpid stream, or such vegetables as he was enabled to collect on the mountain. For on such fare only, he took pains to inform them, was he accustomed to subsist a body self-doomed to penance for the peccadillos of others.

Obermüller was sensibly struck at the preposterous folly of this pretender to holy religion in contemning the superior aliments, bestowed by nature with a liberal hand, throughout the fertile regions of Italy. He remarked to the friar that, doubtless, his entire exemption from exposure to envy, was considered by him as an ample compensation for the irksomeness of such deep self-denial. "Alas," replied the hermit,

"would to heaven I could thus console myself: I am unhappily still more exposed to the baneful effects of that hideous passion, than my better fed brethren of the various orders who are softly lodged in city monasteries. Look there," continued he, as he directed the attention of the travellers to a cave in the craggy projection of the same mountain: "and there again"—indicating a wretched hut but little remote from it. "The monks," added he, with an expression of fierce revenge, "who reside in those two places, are bitterly exasperated against me, because, owing to the less difficult access, a few devotees stop here for the benefit of my intercession; and who being absolved by me, judge it afterwards needless to pass on to them. So infuriated does this trifling advantage render them, that they malignantly spend a great portion of their lives in contriving effectual ways to annoy me; and they are but too successful."

What Obermüller heard from the lips of the hermit, brought on a train of reflection, which materially prepared the way for his conversion. "If," thought he, "a miserable recluse from society, satisfying nature with the coarse productions of inhospitable mountains, cannot pass his days free from the persecution of envy, how absurd is the expectation of escaping it in society." He acknowledged that to his mistaken prejudices on this head, were solely to be attributed the miseries which during so many years had destroyed his happiness. His melancholy diminished greatly, and his strength was renewed. He thenceforward came to the resolution that bear him envy who would, that incurable malady of the human family no longer should contaminate the felicity of his days.

On his return home he communicated to his enraptured wife his experiences, and the revolution thereby effected in his manner of thinking. Petronella was dissolved in tears of joy, and throwing herself into the arms of her husband, blessed the happy change. Obermüller became tranquil, and his strength, in a short time, was firmly re-established. In the enjoyment of unsullied domestic felicity, nothing remained to desire. The generous baron continued his protector: the number of his friends augmented: and he had resumed his charge of fiscal judge at the general solicitation of the inhabitants, who as the fervor of their bigotry cooled down, which it never fails to do in cases of peculiar excitement, became ashamed of their former persecution. In fine, his happiness knew no bounds. Many, doubtless, bore him envy: some even dared to give proof that the odious sentiment still actuated them. But he had the good sense not to be affected by it, and the magnanimity to pity and to pardon his enemies.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SEEING AND BEING SEEN.—A Quaker in Edinburgh, of the name of James M'Pherson, a stocking manufacturer, being involved in difficulties, which procured for him a visit from a messenger and a party of constables, Mrs. M'Pherson met them at the door, and demanded what they wanted. "I want Mr. M'Pherson," said the messenger. "Well, friend," replied she, "he shall see thee," and immediately shut the door, leaving them on the outside. After waiting a considerable time, the constables began to remonstrate with their superior on the folly of waiting so long, insinuating that the quaker would bilk them. "There is no danger of that," replied the messenger. "However great rogues quakers may be, they are scrupulous in speaking truth; she promised I should see him, and she will be as good as her word." He therefore continued standing at the door till his patience was completely exhausted; the quaker was not like to make his appearance, and he knocked again, when the door was instantly opened by Mrs. M'Pherson, with the old question, "What dost thou want, friend?"—"What do I want," said he, "I told you I wanted Mr. M'Pherson, and you promised that I was to see him."—"Nay, friend," replied she, "I only said that he was to see thee! and he did see thee! and he did not like thee! and he fled from thee."

ANECDOTE OF CROMWELL.—In an old life of Cromwell, we find the following particulars of his determined behaviour towards some regiments who had discovered symptoms of mutiny:—"Being all drawn up, Cromwell, with an angry and down look, rides round, and on a sudden commands one of those two regiments to encompass a regiment of foot; which being done accordingly, he called four men by their names out of the body, and with his own hands committed them to the marshal, and immediately calling a council of war, (whilst the rest of their confederates slunk their white colours into their pockets, and trembled at this boldness of Cromwell,) tried and condemned them. But they had the favour from the court of casting lots for their lives, two only to die; and the two whose lot it was to die, were presently shot to death upon a green bank by the other two, in sight of the army."

ANAGRAMS.—Calvin printed in 1539 his Institutions: he calls himself in the title-page, Alcuinus. Now Alcuinus, is the anagram of Calvinus; and this is the earliest modern instance of the adoption of an anagrammatic device. So that Calvin, if not the inventor, was at least the restorer of anagrams.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

FASHIONABLE LIFE IN MEXICO.

No. II.

THE Biscayan, whom Captan Hall introduced at the close of the dinner, of which we give an account in last MINERVA, first indicated by signs that a large dish was to be supported before him, into which he pretended to place a number of ingredients, naming each as he affected to put it into his pie. These ingredients consisted principally of his friends, some of whom he inserted whole; of others merely some ridiculous quality, or characteristic peculiarity; and as he chose only such persons as were present, the laugh went round against each in his turn. His satire was sometimes very severe, especially against the ladies; and at length he pretended, after a long and witty preface, to cut up the curate, who was sitting opposite, and thrust him into the dish, to the unspeakable delight of the company. No one enjoyed the laugh more than the worthy curate himself. But the Biscayan was too judicious to risk tiring his audience with any more of the pie after this last happy sally; so catching up a guitar, an instrument always at hand wherever Spanish is spoken, and casting his eye round the company, he addressed an appropriate extempore verse to each of the principal guests: then jumping off the table, on which he had seated himself to play the guitar, he set about imitating the manner of walking and speaking of five or six different provinces of Spain.

His last feat was one which certainly would not have been permitted a year or two before in a country so bigotted, or, indeed, in any country under Spanish control. Having taken a table-cloth, he dressed himself like a priest, and assuming the most ludicrous gravity of countenance, went through a part of the ceremony of high mass, to the infinite delight of the company, who shook the house with peals of laughter. The curate was no where to be seen during this exhibition, which he could not, I suppose, have permitted to go on, although, indeed, every thing serious seemed banished for the time. Immediately after this joke, the noise ceased, the party broke up, and every one went off to his siesta, with a composure and steadiness which showed that the

greater part of the preceding riot was the effect of choice, not of intoxication; to which, certainly in appearance, it most closely allied. To satisfy myself on this point, I entered into conversation with several of the most boisterous, but they were now so perfectly quiet and sedate, that it was difficult to believe they were the same individuals who, but a few minutes before, had been, apparently, so completely tipsy.

The Tertulia, or evening party, is necessary to complete this picture of fashionable life in Mexico:—It occurred to me during the evening, that if a person were suddenly transported from England to this party, he might be much puzzled to say where he had got to. On entering the house, by an approach not unlike the arched gateway of an inn, he would turn into the verandah, where he would, in vain, inquire his way from one of the boys playing at bo-peep round the columns, or scampering in the moonlight amongst the shrubs in the centre of the quadrangle; nor would he gain more information from the girls, who would draw up and become as prim and starch as possible, the moment they beheld a stranger, and would pout at him, and transfix him with their coal-black eyes, but could not be brought to utter a single word. Mustering courage, he might enter the drawing-room; in an instant all the gentlemen would rise and stand before their chairs like statues; but, as neither mistress of the house nor any other lady, ever thinks of rising in those countries to receive or take leave of a gentleman, our friend would be apt to conceive his reception somewhat cold. He could have no time to make minute remarks, and would scarcely notice the unevenly paved brick floor—the bare plastered walls—the naked beams of the roof, through which the tiles might be counted—indeed, the feebleness of the light would greatly perplex his observations. The elegant dresses, the handsome looks, and the lady-like appearance of the women, would naturally lead him to imagine he was in respectable company; but, when he discovered all the ladies smoking cigars—and heard them laughing most obstreperously, and screaming out their observations, at the top of their voices, he would relapse into his former doubts; especially when he remarked the gentlemen in boots and cloaks, and some with their hats on. Neither would his ideas be cleared up by seeing the party at the other end of the room engaged in deep play, amidst a cloud of tobacco smoke. And were he now as suddenly transported back again to his own country, it might be difficult to persuade him, that he had been amongst an agreeable, amiable, and well bred people—in the very first society—in the Grosvenor Square, in short, of the city of Tepic.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. *BROOKS*

LONDON THEATRES.

July 17th 1824.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new comedy in three acts, was produced last night, under the attractive title of "Married and Single." The following is a hasty sketch of this production, which is from the pen of Mr. Poole:—Beau Shatterly is a dandy, of sixty years of age, who, having a wife, is too fashionable to live with her, it being contrary to the etiquette of dandyism. The great object of his life is to obtain the reputation of a rake, to realize the character of a man of gallantry, as far as his capabilities will permit, to persuade himself that he is young, to persuade others to be of the same opinion, and to do all this without incurring the lash of ridicule to which he happens to be extremely sensitive. But poor Shatterly is hampered with a nephew, an extravagant young artist, named Melford, who, having run himself into debt, is anxious to conceal his extravagance from his uncle, on whose bounty he is dependent. His only remaining creditor, however, feels no such delicacy on the subject, and he dispatches Ferret, an attorney, accompanied by two subalterns of the law, vulgarly called bailiffs, to possess themselves of the person of Mr. Melford, in default of payment. The plan upon which these worthy associates determine, is, that Ferret shall enter the house, and inform the young artist that two ladies are waiting for him in a carriage. Ferret accordingly gains admittance, but mistaking the uncle for the nephew he delivers the message to him. Nothing could be more to the taste of the old fop than the adventure thus thrown in his way—to supplant his nephew with the ladies was too strong a temptation to be resisted; he therefore answers to the name, and is conducted to the scene of action, and from thence to a lock-up-house, in spite of all resistance. In the meanwhile the company assemble, and are indignant at the absence of the host. The next place in which we see Shatterly is in "durance vile," from which he is soon liberated by a Mrs. Waddy, who owed him the amount of the debt on which he is detained. But though done with the prison, he has not yet done with the lawyer, for having no money in his pocket, he is obliged to take Ferret to his house, in order to satisfy his demand. They enter the house in the very height of the revel, and a scene occurs there between Melford and the Attorney, who

states his name, to the great terror of the artist, who makes his escape on the discovery. A scene, containing some very laughable *equivoque*, ensues between Melford and his uncle, who, though enraged at his adventure in the lock-up house, is desirous to conceal it from the world. The plot now thickens in perplexity: Mrs. Bickerton, and her sister Fanny, who is admired by Melford, send a messenger to the latter to acquaint him that two ladies are waiting for him in a carriage; but he, conceiving it to be a trick of the bailiff, dispatches a very unceremonious note, declining the honour. In addition to this misfortune, poor Shatterly is visited by his wife; but all misunderstandings are eventually cleared up, the young people are married, the old ones are brought together, and Mr. and Mrs. Bickerton begin at length to agree.

Nothing could be more favourable than the reception which the piece experienced. It was not the mere applause of hands, administered as we have sometimes witnessed in a Theatre, which presented nothing but doleful faces and sleepy eyes. There was laughter, abundant laughter—at once the test and acknowledgment of merit. Though the office of a prophet is not one that we are fond of assuming, there seems to be but little hazard in predicting a popular career to this whimsical effusion of the Dramatic Muse. It needs not the tongue nor the pen of inspiration to pronounce that that will succeed hereafter which has succeeded so well already.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—A grand musical performance entitled *Der Freischutz* was performed at this theatre for the first time on the evening of the 22d July. The manner of its announcement, and the fame of Weber's opera of the same name, on which it is founded, had excited a great sensation in its favour. The original opera was produced about three years ago at Munich, and immediately became popular to a degree very unusual in the theatres of the continent. It has since been played at all the chief cities of Germany, where it has been no less successful; and it was entirely the rage at St. Petersburg during the last winter. The English version of the opera, which is said to be a literal translation from the German, has the merit of being accompanied by the music of the original, and extraordinary pains have been taken in the getting it up. The orchestra has been enlarged, the chorusses recruited, and what is more to the purpose, carefully drilled, and the whole opera has benefited by the superintendence of Mr. Braham. The following is an outline of the plot:

There has, some time or other, existed in

a forest of Bohemia a fiend or spirit, called Zamiel, the Black Yager. This fiend has the power of conferring certain metallurgical knowledge on those who will sell themselves to him "body and soul for ever," by which they are enabled to cast bullets which will kill any thing, any where, and at any distance. He always, however, very wisely, reserves to himself the direction of the seventh bullet. In envy of the superior accuracy, as a marksman, of Rodolph, a forester, as well as in jealousy of the mutual affection which subsists between him (Rodolph) and Agnes, the daughter of Kuno who is Ranger of the Forest to Otlocar, a Bohemian prince, Casper, another huntsman, sells himself to the fiend. By him he is enabled to shoot with never-failing aim; and another term of the contract is, that Rodolph's former accuracy in projectiles is totally taken from him. This happens at a period rather critical for both parties. Rodolph is about to shoot for a rangership and a wife at one and the same time, and "as the devil will have his due," the term of Caspar's bond is about to expire, and he must either surrender in person, or else furnish the demon with a substitute. Being foiled in all his attempts at killing game, or hitting a mark, Rodolph goes to a village shooting match, at which he is equally unsuccessful; and the greatest booby in the village, Kulian, having gained the prize, poor Rodolph is laughed at, and becomes very melancholy, as well he may, for how is he to get a wife, when by some unaccountable freak on the part of the Prince, no one but the best shot can marry the prettiest girl of the village, which Agnes, of course, is.

His late repeated failures drive poor Rodolph to despair, and he is ultimately persuaded, by his designing rival, to join with him in casting the magic bullets. At the close of the second act is presented a view of the "Wolf's Glen," in which the "deed without a name" is to be performed. Caspar is discovered arranging a circle of huge black stones in order to keep the devil at a respectable distance, while Rodolph is seen reluctantly advancing among the crags to assist in his rites. Conscience and a strong though latent sense of propriety hold him back, when the phantom of his mistress appearing in the distance decides his wavering resolution, and he jumps down and enters *con amore* into the very thick of the business. The incantation is begun, the lead melted; on turning out the first ball the moon is eclipsed; at the production of the second the "cataract is turned into blood;" at the third "Gorgons and Hydras and Chimeras dire" flit gibbering round the hallowed circumference, making "damnable faces," and endeavouring to bully the adventurers out of their undertaking. The nerves of the con-

jurors are, however, of proof, and the last ball is completed as "the clock strikes one" under the very Satanic nose of Zamiel himself, who appears "all in a flame of fire" as the curtain falls. The third act introduces the scene of the "Trial shot." Rodolph (who had gone smacks with his partner in the devilry, and secured four balls out of the seven for his own use) has, it appears, fired away three times most successfully that morning already, much to the delectation of his Highness; and, notwithstanding he had reserved one ball in his waistcoat pocket for the "trial" is anxious, in order "to make assurance doubly sure," to borrow another of his friend Caspar. That gentleman, however, refuses to accommodate him, and wantonly fires away his pair-royal of bullets, that Rodolph's remaining one, being now the seventh, may inevitably go askew. This it of course does, but most unpleasantly, for the contriver of the mischief hits himself in the stomach, instead of a lily-white dove, the object aimed at. Zamiel rises just in time to catch Caspar as he falls, and carries him off, amidst a grand *phlogistification*, to regions where he is at all events in no danger of taking cold; while Rodolph marries Agnes, and the evening concludes with the utmost festivity.—This piece was announced for repetition amidst bursts of applause, and has since been repeatedly performed to crowded houses.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT DE CHOISEUL.

MARIE GABRIEL AUGUSTE LAURENT COUNT DE CHOISEUL was born in 1752. At the age of twenty-two, he paid his first visit to Greece, and produced, in 1782, the first volume of his researches, under the title of *Voyage en Grèce*. The monuments of architecture, measured and drawn with care, form the most important part of this first volume. This magnificent undertaking justly obtained admission for its author into the Academy of Belles Lettres in 1779; and in 1784 he became a member of the French Academy.

In that year he was sent ambassador to Constantinople. He took with him the Abbé Lechevalier, a literary man, M. Cassas, a draughtsman, and also a poet, the Abbé Delille, who, a new Orpheus, seemed destined to celebrate the expedition. M. de Choiseul obtained all possible facilities for the success of his undertaking. He had firmans for himself and his attendants. He caused casts to be taken of the metopes of the Temple of MINERVA, representing the battle of the Cen-

taurs and Lapithæ. He sent the persons who accompanied him to explore different parts of Greece, and even to Ionia and Syria. But an oversight had well nigh proved fatal to his enterprise at the very outset. The preliminary address contained an invitation to the Greeks to break their chains and to render themselves worthy of their ancestors. M. de Choiseul who had a printing office in his palace, caused the page containing the obnoxious passage to be quickly reprinted, and declared the other copies to be spurious. We shall leave the reader to pass his own judgment on this political falsehood. The constitutional government appointed him in 1791 ambassador to England, but he remained at Constantinople and corresponded with the King and Princes alone. This correspondence, being intercepted in 1792, produced a decree for his arrest. On this M. de Choiseul quitted Constantinople and proceeded to Russia, where the Empress Catherine gave him welcome and granted him a pension. On the accession of Paul I. he was appointed a privy counsellor and director of the Academy of Arts and of the imperial libraries. His connexion with Count Cobenzel obliged him to quit the court of Petersburg in 1800. In 1802 M. de Choiseul was erased from the list of emigrants, and he returned to France. In 1803 he became a member of the Institute. He then began to prepare the second volume of his work, but could never be prevailed on to correct and reprint the first, for fear of reducing its price by making it too common. Twenty years after the first publication, appeared the first portion of the second volume, the remainder of which was expected; but from the deliberation with which the author proceeded, and the little time he had to spare for the work, the public would have had to wait long for it even had he lived.

The monuments brought by M. de Choiseul from Greece are of high importance. The most valuable are the fine basso relievo of the Parthenon representing a procession, which is at the Museum; the metopes already mentioned; the basso relievo of the dispute between MINERVA and Neptune on the subject of giving name to the city of Athens. The inscription underneath contains a statement of the sums expended in the celebration of the festivals of MINERVA. It has been learnedly explained by the Abbé Barthélemy. M. de Choiseul had lately kept a very intelligent young artist, M. Dubois, to travel in Greece, whence he had brought him several monuments, and others are still left at Constantinople and in the Morea.

The king, on his return, created Count de Choiseul a peer of France, and on the new organization of the Institute his majesty nominated him a member of the French Academy and of the Academy of the Fine Arts.

He was a man of elegant and polished manners, and a highly cultivated mind. He died on the 22d of June, 1823, of an apoplectic seizure at Aix, whither he had repaired for the benefit of the waters.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

SECURITY OF VESSELS AGAINST LIGHTNING.

A WRITER in a late Liverpool Courier, after some pertinent remarks on the nature of lightning, and the many fatal occurrences on board of vessels when struck with it at sea, suggests the propriety of adopting a method of preventing the evil, which, in our apprehension, is well calculated to effect this. A cloud either by condensation or disengagement of gas, becomes charged with electric fluid, and a vessel sailing directly under, presents three pointed surfaces, the mast heads; it also contains a quantity of iron, and, probably, a sheeting of copper; all of which render the attraction of the electric fluid, especially if the cloud be low, almost certain. To counteract the dangerous effects of this, it is proposed to attach a rod of iron to each of the masts, made to project a few feet above their head, and to be carried down, connected with the mast, and where the rod passes over the iron of the ship, to put a nonconductor between the three masts, terminating in one, and then to diverge it from the side of the ship into the sea. This manner of rendering the lightning harmless on board of a ship, was suggested to the writer by the following circumstance:—"When (says he) I was a boy, I took shelter from a storm in a wood, in Wales. I had not been there long, when, simultaneous with a clap of thunder, a tree was struck by lightning, which shattered the branches and part of the trunk in all directions. After recovering from the fright, I went to look at the damage done. It was by far the tallest tree in the wood, and the lightning penetrated, like a shot, the topmast branch, and made a deep furrow in it and the trunk, which furrow appeared to be continued deep into the earth." Considering the great loss of lives and property which takes place by vessels being struck with the electric fluid, any contrivance by which there is a chance of this evil being

averted, is deserving of consideration. The covering of the mast heads with a nonconductor, or globe of glass or porcelain, would certainly be better than using no precaution.

HABITS OF SALMON.

A curious paper has lately been published by the Rev. Mr. Fleming, a clergyman in Scotland, on the salmon fisheries of that country, in which several novel and interesting particulars are mentioned as to the habits of that delicious fish. "Salmon, though inhabitants of the sea, approach the shores, enter the large rivers, and mount upwards to their source for the purpose of depositing the spawn in their gravelly beds. As soon as this object is accomplished they retire again to the sea; and evidently to great depths, remote from cod and haddock ground, to recruit their exhausted strength, and prepare for future efforts of the same kind. Before beginning their journey, they are in good condition, the body being loaded with fat, as a magazine for supplying the wants of the fish during migration, and for furnishing the great quantity of matter requisite for the evolution of the spawn. When the fish enter a Frith at the commencement of their upward migration, and are thus in good condition, they are termed, in the language of fishermen, clean fish. At this period they are infested with the salmon louse, *caglacus productus* of naturalists, and which chiefly adhere to the more insensible parts. When arrived at the place of spawning, the fish is lean, as the whole fat of the body has passed into the melt and roe. In this state they are termed red fish, and are worthless as an article of food. After the fish have spawned, they are termed kelts or foul fish, and are equally despised with the red fish. The gills are now more or less covered with *entomoda salmonæa*. The motion of the fish upwards from the sea to the river and place of spawning, is influenced by several causes. When there is abundance of fresh water in the Frith, the fish seem to proceed regularly and rapidly up the middle of the stream, enter the rivers, and hasten to their destination. Under these circumstances it is probable that the ripening of the spawn is accelerated by the influence of external circumstances. When the rivers are but sparingly supplied

with water, the fish which have entered the Frith roam about in an irregular manner, influenced by the state of the tide, while those which have been surprised in the rivers by a draught, betake themselves to the deepest pools. In returning to the sea, after spawning, the fish seem to keep the middle of the stream in the river, and the deepest and saltiest water in the Frith.

Salmon enter the river and Frith at all seasons of the year, but they approach in greatest numbers during the summer months. Fish taken in May, June, and July, are much fatter than fish in the same condition as to spawning, taken in February, March, or April. They fall off in fulness very rapidly from August to January, when they are the leanest. The principal spawning season is in November, December, and January. The roe becomes perfect, and the young fry samlets, or smelts, make their appearance in March and April. When the samlets leave the gravel where the spawn from which they issued had been deposited, they begin to move towards the sea. In their progress through the river, and until they reach that point where the Frith begins, or where the tide is always ebbing or flowing, they crowd together and descend in the easy water at the margin. But on entering the Frith, where the easy water is not at the edge, they betake themselves to the deepest part of the chanel, and along with the kelts disappear from observation."

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.
MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

LORD BYRON AND HIS WRITINGS.

THE following animated tribute to Lord Byron is from the London Morning Chronicle; and we believe that the warm eulogium which the writer has pronounced on his genius and intellect, and the kind feelings which he evinces towards him personally, will be echoed by all who are familiar with his lordship's history or his writings. The candid and enlightened spirit which the article breathes, is forcibly in contrast with the malignant abuse which has been heaped on the immortal poet by some cotemporary prints; but we believe it corresponds with the feelings and sentiments of every one

acquainted with his character, who is not enslaved by bigotry or prejudice, either political or religious. It is a fortunate circumstance, that those writers who have been most remarkable for their condemnation of Lord Byron's character and conduct, have always been equally remarkable for their opposition to the freedom of thought and of action, as well as for their subserviency to antiquated superstitions; for the knowledge of this tendency in their opinions acquaints their readers at once with the ground of their hostility. But it is matter of sincere regret to every one of liberal principles, that there can be minds so contracted or hearts so depraved, as to detract from the fame of an individual whose genius has never been surpassed in any country.

The name of Byron should now, like that of Milton or Shakespeare, be only known in the history of literature and the records of immortality. The little jealousies and perishable interests that fretted themselves against his living fame, as they have done against that of the great men of all ages, have no longer any influence over the tribunal of opinion. The pure principles by which *mind* is estimated, must now try his claims to public admiration, and not the fears, the ignorance, or the passions of man. In the history of human genius, its powers, and its weakness, there never was a man whose abilities and conduct excited more ardent attention, and afforded more of real and speculative topic for praise and defamation, than Lord Byron. He entered the world of poetry as Chatham did that of eloquence, scarcely heard of in the lists until he had obtained the first honours of the conflict. As the resentment of Walpole called forth from the young orator, the first resistless flashes of an eloquence that burned with inextinguishable splendour to the last hour of his earthly glory, so did the repulse which was given to the boyish aspirations of the Noble Bard, discover to himself, by the reaction it created, all the resources of his intellect, and place him at once on the splendid summit of poetic ambition. The excitement did not so much inflame his passions as exasperate his genius, and thenceforth, in ceasing to appear amiable, he became what men more admire, daring, vindictive, and successful.

By nature generous and confiding, he was, by the privilege of genius, sudden and impetuous. Minds of such fine formation look at human life either through the vivid glow of fancy, or the gloom of irritated sensibility. So Byron's early imagination made him hope too highly of the world, and his experience caused him to think too

badly of it. The disappointments which his unsuspecting spirit endured from the companions of his pleasures, or the mercenary flatterers whom rank and opulence and fame attract, reduced his estimate of human nature, not only far below his own pre-conceived notions, but beneath its proper level. Born to ornament and grace society, he seemed for a great part of his short life to study only how he could most effectually desert it. To a man, however, of his creative invention, every wilderness would be peopled with the ideal beings with whom his thoughts could communicate; and perhaps he was often supposed to be indulging in the morose seclusion of the misanthrope, when he was only enjoying the dreams of a high and splendid imagination.

Though gay and cheerful in his occasional intercourse with mankind, and full of sportive hilarity in the convivial hour, yet his generally reserved habits, and the peculiar tone of his poetry, gave him, in the popular eyes, a sort of mysterious and gloomy fame, of which he did not seem anxious to remove the impression. His fondness for the delineation of one character of sullen, wayward, desperate purpose, animated by the most devoted love and the least placable revenge—terrible to his enemies—fascinating to his followers, and spreading around him the desolation of the passions, or dark influence of distempered sensibility,—was taken as proof that he only portrayed from his own heart this the favourite hero of his poetry. But a presumption so founded is wholly fallacious. It is the prerogative of the first class of genius so to describe ideal existence, as to make it appear part of its own moral identity. Inferior minds can hardly conceive how a poet can embody thoughts into the counterfeit of some reality, of which he has had no experience. The man who advanced the spirit and language of poetry beyond the limits of his age, and who, in the foresight of his genius, anticipated a century of improvement, was the inventor of the incorrigible and malicious barbarism of Caliban. His intellect was enamoured of the invention, as we may see from the spirit and richness with which he portrayed it; but neither his morals nor his mind had any sympathy with the subject. Why, then, should it be thought fair to attempt to measure the moral qualities of Byron by a test which is evidently erroneous when applied to the characters of those great men, whom, in the originality and daring vigour of his inspiration, he most resembled?

That first attribute of the poetic mind, creative power, Byron eminently possessed. At his first appearance, every possible variety of poetic style and subject was supposed to be ascertained, if not exhausted, yet he created a new era. He was erratic;

it is true, but he deviated from the beaten track to make rich discoveries; his eagle spirit, enamoured of the sun, rushed on a powerful wing into the oriental world, and carried away the "barbaric pearls and gold," which the magic of his genius converted into ornaments worthy the immortal temple of the Muse. He proved that the fictions of the East, though the offspring of the soil of voluptuous barbarism, can be wedded to higher qualities of mind than such as are required to describe the absurd mysteries and monsters—the wondrous unrealities and gorgeous scenery of Arabian enchantment. In *The Giaour* he has adopted the circumstances, the scenery, and perhaps the plot, from the land of the demons and genii; but he has invested them with the sentiments which only the most gifted inspiration dictates. He has described the faithful, timid, but enduring affection of woman springing up in the land of sensual barbarity, like the fair white lily, that lays forth its snowy lustre on the stagnant pool; and he has delineated the wild, headlong career of fierce masculine devotion with as much of the energy of thought and charm of poetry as ever was lavished upon the passion and fortunes of successful love. He has shown also a perfect conception of what is fine and beautiful and grand in nature, by his picturing, with singular power, the luxuriant and terrific region, where the soft climate wafts balmy airs and the sweeping pestilence, and where the fire of the scorpion mingles with the freshness of the flowers. Above all has he given the workings of passion on the mind itself—the sufferings of the despairing but tameless spirit—the revenge that survives the destruction of its enemy—the agony of a fidelity whose object is beyond the grave—the extinction of hope, and the collected torments of recollection, with a power of moral scrutiny and exposure, that if it ever was excelled, can own no superiority but in the author of *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*.

The rapid spirit of Byron seldom indulged in prettiness of thought or nicety of expression. He was as bold in his language as he was daring and lofty in his conceptions.—His thoughts shaped themselves into words, either with blameable negligence or enchanting felicity; but the latter was chiefly their characteristic. In most of the exquisite small poems in which love is his subject, he is the poet of its sentiment rather than of its passion. His muse is not so ardent and amorous as tender and devoted. On great subjects, where he struck the chord of battle, or raised the song of freedom, he has an eloquence that seizes the reason, and carries all the heart along with it—clear, strong, and impetuous, it is full of power and grace, and music and fascination. The *conceits* of

the Italian school of poetry, as well as the frigid declamation of the French, his manly sense and strong imagination disdained. He sent bold thoughts in the voice of nature to the heart. The mechanical facility which refines upon poetic sentiment until it becomes cold and passionless—the elaborate assortment and nice adaptation of the petty wares of a glittering fancy, which reduce the divine frame of poetry to the level of the jeweller's art, who sets his gems or his paste, as it may be, with the cold determination to dazzle, Byron never thought of. His poetry rose or sunk into grandeur or weakness with the inequalities of his inspiration, as the ocean fluctuates under the breathing of the heavens.

He has been accused of a proneness to adopt the ideas of others. He could do so without impeachment of his originality.—Whatever he borrowed he invested almost always with a peculiar charm, that made it his own. This was not plagiarism, but generous imitation; and he, like other great poets, has frequently been accused of the former without just ground, by those small critics who cannot distinguish between poetic larceny and the accidental coincidences of genius. He has certainly much that was unworthy of him—much that is below the quality of his mind and the spirit of his ambition. He who contended for the prize of strength or swiftness in the Olympic games, was tried only by the best efforts of his skill and power. So should genius be estimated only by its greatest works, for those which are below itself are not parts of its fame, but only the more earthly matter which would have sunk into oblivion but for the excellence of the diviner productions, which made them buoyant, and floated them into celebrity.

Let Byron be appreciated like others, by his best productions, and he will stand, in all that constitutes genuine poetry, among the first men of any age or nation, and among those of his own day superior and alone. *The Giaour*, the *Corsair*, *Childe Harold*, parts of his *Don Juan*, many of his smaller pieces, and even frequent passages in his least estimable works, are of the first stamp of immortal verse; the first and second, especially for intensity of thought, depth of moral delineation, descriptive vigour, and the union of the anatomy of the passions and the feelings with Homeric boldness of action. *The Childe Harold* is particularly interesting for the strains of a wandering and delicious minstrelsy, which twines with the most vivid descriptions of nature the charm of the most touching sentiments, and all the recollection with which history consecrates her favorite scenes to the peculiar veneration of mankind. It is objected that these Poems were not written with any moral intention.

They have, however, a strong moral tendency: they exhibit in the most appalling manner, the desolating effects of unrestrained passion on the strongest minds, consuming virtue, withering up the very intellect, and creating a desert around the infatuated victim of his own wild indulgence. If there be no moral in such an exposure of human hardihood, crime, and self-infliction, we must deny all the instructive effects of example. Byron has not clothed the evil principle with the charm of success, but torturing passion, blighted hopes, and distempered mind perform that vengeance on guilt, which more vulgar moralists would visit with the hackneyed scourge of worldly adversity, or the rack of the executioner.

But independently of the stories themselves, there are passages in the course of those poems replete with the noblest thoughts that philosophy ever breathed under the dictation of the Muse. There are not, in all the range of our poetry, any sentiments of more beauty, originality, and elevation, than those throughout *Childe Harold* and the *Giaour*, which are suggested by the scenery of Greece, and the mournful and grand associations with which it fills the civilized mind. With what a fervour of the heart's devotion does he wake the lyre on this melancholy and enchanting subject? How touching his sorrows over the fallen land of arts and song! How manly and inspiring his call, to awake her from the long cold trance of debasement! How full of a deep interest in her future fate, and of the animation of her remembered glory! Passages like these elevate the soul, in the midst of those fictions in which the fancy woe enjoyment. They infuse the preservatives of virtue—heroic thoughts and generous emotions, and thus they display the superiority of truth and wisdom in the most attractive light, by the contrast of their splendour with the surrounding dark and awful scenery of moral ruin.

After mourning over the fallen pride—the broken lyre—the lost intelligence—the banished virtues of Greece, he lived to see her rise again from chains and dishonour, and shake off the dust of her humility on the trampled turban of her oppressor. He lived to see her vessels float again in triumph through Salamis, and her warlike youth stem the torrent of the invader in the sacred straits of Thermopylæ. He lived to raise the song of battle for the cohorts of Greece, armed for vengeance and freedom, and to see Chiefs conquer and fall, who were worthy of interment in the tomb of Leonidas. Had he survived to commemorate them on his lyre, his genius would have been both the incitement of the living and the fame of the dead; but Providence chose to take away this modern Tyrtæus from reviving Greece

before her redemption was accomplished. His mission of virtue and glory had scarcely begun on the soil of Homer, Solon and Miltiades, when his earthly days were numbered, and immortality received him.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 26. Vol. 1. of *New Series* of the *MISNERVA* will contain the following articles.

POPULAR TALES.—*Reminiscences. The Fretwell's.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Manners and Usages of the Nootkians.*

THE DRAMA.—*New-York Theatre.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Thomas Blacklock.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Vegetable Revivification. Diseases in October. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Economy of the Eyes; by Dr. Kitchiner. On the First Epoch of Italian Literature.*

The Junior Editor of this paper dissents from the opinion expressed (in No 24) of Tales of a Traveller, No. 2. The article was a communication.

THE GRACES.—*Calendar—October.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Saturday Night in London.*

POETRY.—*Desultory Contemplations; by "H. E. Page of Handoostan." and other pieces.*

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Anana" and "Z." are inadmissible.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

The water was let into the Erie canal as far as Lockport, on the 30th ult. and it was expected that the boats would reach there in about a week after.

Mushrooms of all descriptions are more or less impregnated with poison. Five persons who eat of them last week at Hartford, (Conn.) had a narrow escape with their lives, and one had died. A cat which had licked the platters on which they were served up, expired a short time after. Catsup made of this vegetable is highly deleterious, and ought to be avoided.

The inhabitants of Baltimore have determined to erect a marble monument in honour of General La Fayette, which is to contain, among other things, an account of the battle of Brandywine, in which he was wounded.

MARRIED,

Mr. George Dixey to Miss Maria Cleary.
Mr. G. R. Willcox to Miss Amelia Katon.
Mr. John D. Everson to Miss Ann Martling.

DIED,

Mrs. Elinor Leaycraft, aged 66 years.
Mr. Samuel Franklin, aged 29 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

TO IDA.

THE gale is fresh upon my brow—
The evening dew my cheek hath wet,
The bark moves merrily, and now
The moonlight and the wave have met,
The mountain heights their shadows throw
In dark and frowning majesty
Upon the welling water's flow
As sorrows cross young memory,
What wants this scene to be divine?
Thy gentle heart to beat with mine.

The lover's star her watch doth keep
In the blue vault of yonder sky,
While all around is hushed to sleep
I deem thy angel spirit nigh,
'Twere rapture never felt before
In this serene and midnight noon,
To hear from yonder lonely shore
The watch-dog bay the full bright moon,
Couldst thou be here, to share this hour,
My heart's beloved and buried flower!

There is a spirit rides the air—
I hear its murmur on the stream
I see its form of beauty fair
Disporting in the moonlight beam—
It is the spirit of delight
Of young affection's ecstasy,
And in its form and features bright
Thine own fair face and form I see—
It hovers o'er my head—and now
I feel its hand upon my brow.

I see the light of feeling play
And sparkle in its winning smile,
To chase my brooding cares away
And all my sorrows to beguile—
I hear the voice I loved to hear
Mix with the music of the stream,
The well-known accents strike my ear—
Away—'tis fancy's wildest dream!
I am alone beneath the star,
And thou art in thy grave afar!
1822.

F.

SIR LOCRINE.*

A NORTHERN BALLAD.

Brunhild is in her bow'r,
Wi' the red gowd in her hair;
And Sir Locrine is stark and dour,†
To see his Ladie there.

"Now where sall I find a ferryman,
To ferry me ovr the brine?
Wi' the gude red gowd he sall fill his hand,
And his cup wi' the red gude wine."

* King Arthur's son Locrine and his daughter Burd or Prude Elinor, who married the sea dwarf Laurin, are favourite subjects of Old Ballads.

† "Stark and dour" imply eager impatience.

It's I the ferryman will be,
To ferry you o'er the brine,
But I've hae neither cup nor gowden see,
But that gowd ring of thine.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
Withouten sail or oar;
Ere he can blink his e'e it goes,
A bowshot frae the shore.

Now weel be wi' thee, ferryman!
Why is thy hand so thin?
I see a light on the waters glint,
But no light in thine een.

Now boatman, Jesu give thee grace,
Thou art no true man's son;
The moon glims lightly on thy face,
But shadow thou hast none.

And where got'st thou that scarf so rare,
Wrought wi' the lily flower?
I gave it to Burd Elinor,
Once in my mother's bow'r.

I am thy sister Elinor,
That sank aneath the sea;
And I come frae good King Laurin's bow'r
To speak again with thee.

And I will show thee, the wee wee man,
That rides upon the wind;
And wi' the clouds keeps company,
When they leave the sun behind.

His saddle is the May fly's coat,
On the back of an elf steed set;
And footpage is the smallest mote,
That plays at the sun's gate.

I will dip thy son ere the blink of morn,
In the well of Eternitie,
In the isle where babe was never born,
And man shall never die.*

And I will show thee all aboon,
And all aneath the sea;
If thou wilt dip thy scarlet shoon,
And follow a merladye.

* * * * *

Brunhild is on her bride bench sitting,
Pouring the gude red wine;
Her maids the coronet are fitting,
But where is Sir Locrine?

Sing me a song, my Nightingale,
A true song sing to me;
Now tell me if my lord is leal,
Or fause ayont the sea.

Then up and spake the Nightingale,
His blue beak in a rose;
"The glass is green, the glass is sheen,
Where thou mayst see thy woes.

But name thou nor thy husband's name,
Whatever thine eye shall see;
If thou shalt name Sir Locrine's name,
So surely he shall die."

* Such a well and such an island seemed to have been discovered by Danish Romancers, and such impertinent nightingales are very familiar with them. The bride beuch or place of honour resembled our sofa.

The glass was green, the glass was sheen
Where Brunhild stoop'd to see ;
"Oh woe ! I see my husband lean
On the lap of a Merladie.

And she is smoothing her yellow hair,
Wi' a kame of pearlines strung—
O woe ! I see her gay green bow'r,
Wi' the emerald clusters hung.

Her hair is like the silken flax,
Drawn through a silver loom ;
Her cheek is like the lintwhite wax.
That burns in a king's tomb.

Yet I will not name the awsome name,
The name of Gramarye,
For it was a curl of silken hair,
That he lo'ed once frae me.

I see her sit on the gray swan's down,
Her lute of ivorie playing ;
And I see my love wi' an amber crown,
Amang the green caves straying.

But I will not name the fause one's name,
Forgotten though I be,
For one word of his winsome speech,
Is mair than her melodie.

I see a cradle of roses bright,
All frae one coral stem ;
And every bud is of crysolite,
And every leaf a gem.

Now evil betide thee, Sir Locrine !
If ever thy name had power !
Thou hast stoun my babe for a water fiend,
And hid him in her bower."

Brunhild has spoken the awsome word,
The word of death an sin ;
She sees a boat on the waters turn'd,
Sir Locrine's corse within.

Now every eve ye may see a wreath,
Of diamonds in the wave ;
Wi' such a wreath the sea aneath,
They dress Sir Locrine's grave.

The glass is green, the glass is sheen,
When jalouse love would spy ;
And when jalouse love enough has seen
The salt sea shall be dry.

ODE TO MEMORY.

By Henry Neale.

Will no remorse, will no decay,
Oh Memory, soothe thee into peace ?
When life is ebbing fast away,
Will not thy hungry vultures cease ?
Ah, no ! as weeds from fading free,
Noxious and rank, yet verdantly,
Twine round a ruined tow'r ;
So to the heart, untam'd, will cling
The memory of an evil thing,
In life's departing hour :
Green is the weed when gray the wall,
And thistles rise while turrets fall.

Yet open Memory's book again.—
Turn o'er the lovelier pages now,
And find that balm for present pain
Which past enjoyment can bestow :

Delusion all, and void of power !
For e'en in thought's serenest hour,
When past delights are felt,
And memory shines on scenes of woe,
'Tis like the moonbeam on the snow,
That gilds, but cannot melt ;
That throws a mockery lustre o'er,
But leaves it cheerless as before.

Homo Vermis.—'Man is but a worm.'

We all are creeping worms of th' earth :
Some are *silk-worms*, great by birth ;
Glow-worms some, that shine by night ;
Slow-worms others, apt to bite ;
Some are *muck-worms*, slaves to wealth ;
Maw-worms some, that wrong the health ;
Some to the public no good-willers,
Canker-worms and caterpillars :
Round about the earth we're crawling ;
For a sorry life we're sprawling ;
Putrid stuff we suck—it fills us ;
Death then sets his foot, and kills us.

EPIGRAM.

RICHES.

Mammon's grown rich, does *Mammon* boast of that
As well the stalled ox may boast his fat.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because he has more to do upon
earth than any other person.

PUZZLE II.—Because it is between two I's,
eyes.

PUZZLE III.—Because it springs from the
eye.

PUZZLE IV.—The preposition *for*—thus :
The theatre is a playhouse, the gambling-house
is a house *for* play.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why are most pieces of villany like a candle ?

II.

Why is swearing like an old coat ?

III.

Why is an eminent Counsellor like the emblematical colour of virtue ?

IV.

Make one word of Ned is a toper ?

EDITED BY

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